

SOUTHERN PIONEER.

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY APRIL 10, 1841.

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Prospectus.

For publishing in the town of Carrollton, Carroll county, Miss., a weekly paper to be entitled the

Southern Pioneer

(BY G. W. H. BROWN.)

UNDER the above title of the "SOUTHERN PIONEER," we propose to publish in the town of Carrollton, a new Weekly Paper, devoted to Politics, both State and National, Agriculture, the current news of the day, and the advancement of the great cause of Education. This paper will be devoted to what its conductor believes to be the best interests of the State and country. It will advocate the great Whig cause which you have recently seen so signally triumphant. Believing, that the principles put forth by the great Whig party as the tenets of its political creed, are the only true ones on which this Government was originally founded, and on which it should be administered, this paper will lend to those principles, whenever and wherever espoused, its humble but cordial support.

No man or set of men, will be by us unscrupulously sustained at the expense of principle. "PRINCIPLES NOT MEN," is our motto—by this rule shall we be governed, and in subjecting all to this test, we shall as we find them, judge with impartiality, admonish with candor, and reprehend with justice. As humble Pioneers in the great cause of political truth, we shall ever point to the cardinal virtues of a representative Government. But, the interests of our State, and more particularly of our country, shall receive at our hands a constant and an earnest advocacy. While our sister counties have been the object of Legislative action, and Executive patronage, the county of Carroll has remained comparatively unknown and unprotected. It shall therefore be our pride, as well as our duty, to develop its vast resources and point out its numerous advantages. The cause of education, the cause of enlightened and progressive civilization, the only true bulwark of a nation's freedom, shall receive that attention its importance demands. In fine, as humble Pioneers in the great crusade against ignorance and error, we shall shoulder our mattock and shovel, and taking our place in the great march of modern improvement, our course shall ever be as Marathon said to Stanley, "ONWARD."

TERMS.—The "PIONEER" will be published every Saturday morning at FIVE DOLLARS in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the expiration of six months, or SIX DOLLARS FIFTY at the end of the year.

NO PAPER WILL BE DISCONTINUED UNTIL ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per square (ten lines) for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the MS. or it will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted will be charged at double the above rates. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individuals or companies, charged as advertisements.

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YEARLY ADVERTISING.—For forty lines, or less, renewable at pleasure, each week, \$65.

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JOE PRINTING.

In connection with the PIONEER Office, is a large assortment of new and fashionable FANCY TYPE, which enables us to execute all orders for Job Printing in fine style. We solicit patronage in this line, at prices the same as other well regulated offices in Mississippi. Orders from Attorneys, Clerks, Sheriffs, &c., promptly attended to.

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* Letters or Communications to the publisher must be POST-PAID, or they will not be taken out.

THE "FLUMMIX,"

OR THE MAN WITH THE FAST HORSE.

A braggart was one day boasting about the swiftness of his horse, and declared he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbour of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule!" said the boaster; "I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his own horse would not plunk a hundred dollars, to run him against a horse. He began to hunch about uneasily. He put his hand in his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last said, "I don't know, I s'wore, about the ternal mule; he may be mischief and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying, he called in liquor; but declared that his horse could beat any thing which went upon four legs except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other.

And "done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster; "so I will plaugue quick"—taking out his pocket book.

"Well, cover it if you dare, and I'll put another hundred on top of it. Why do you hesitate! Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know, faith. I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate—"he may be the mischief, and all upon a race, for what I know."

"Do you flunk out then?"

"Yes, I flummix this time; but by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring except the jackass and the mule but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith."

"Why, if you are not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my Tom will beat him." "I'll bet a hundred dollars of that—there aint no nigger that ever breathed can beat my horse."

"Very well, cover that." As he said this the man once more put down the hundred dollars—"But," said he, "if you back out this time you shall forfeit ten dollars, and if I back out, I'll do the same."

"Agreed," said the boaster. "I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or a jackass."

"Well, plank the money, if you please."

"Plank it! so I will—do you hear that?"

Saying this he once more took out his pocket book and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man down with your dust," said the other taking out more money—"for I'm ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred, as you like. Come, why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, staring like a stuck pig—"three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you're not going to get frightened again?"

"Frightened! oh, no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really?"

"You mean to back out."

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's a kind of risky business."

"You forfeit ten dollars, then?"

"Why, yes I s'pose I must," said the boaster, handing over the money, with an air of great mortification, "better to lose that than more for there's no knowing how fast these blame niggers will run. But any thing else you can bring except the mule, the jackass and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

From the Richmond Whig.

GEN. HARRISON IN RICHMOND.

General Harrison, on Thursday, visited the Coffee House to exchange salutations with his fellow-citizens of Richmond. He was greeted by a large crowd, but so great was the multitude that it soon became evident that all could not singly be introduced to him and enjoy the pleasure of hearing him converse. It was therefore proposed that he should address the populace in the street.

He spoke some twenty minutes, with a clear and distinct voice, and in an animated strain. He referred to the great cardinal principles of his political creed, and then noticed a few of the numerous charges, which had been made against him. He had been called an abolitionist, he said. In one sense, as he had told his friends in Baltimore, he was an Abolitionist. He was in favor of emancipating the office holders, and restoring them to the rights of citizenship. He would absolve them from the thralldom under which they have been groaning for years. He would have them to speak and to act up to the dictates of their conscience, as he would have all others. He would break the bandages which bound them, and set them free. To this extent; and to this extent only, was he an Abolitionist.

Whilst uttering these sentiments, his countenance wore a playful smile, but suddenly it assumed a sterner cast, as with increased energy of manner, and voice, he inquired: "But how could a Virginian, who sees in every thing around him, the reminiscences of his youth, be an Abolitionist? How could a Virginian born and bred on the lower James River, and in a house noted for some memorable incidents in our revolutionary struggle, be an abolitionist? How could a Virginian, whose sires received many distinguished tokens of confidence and esteem at the hands of this virtuous old Commonwealth, be an abolitionist? How could a Virginian be so irreverent to the sacred ashes of his honored ancestors, as to be an Abolitionist? Could such a Virginian be called an Abolitionist by another Virginian, and that other a true hearted Virginian, and sound to the core? The thing was impossible. The bosom could not be free from taint that harbored such a suspicion.

He said he had not given pledges and promises before the election because such a precedent was calculated to produce mischief, and to confer the Presidency upon men of promises instead of men of performances. But now that he was no more a candidate for the suffrages of the people, and could not be affected by their votes, he had no hesitation in declaring, what had ever been his feelings; his steadfast devotion to the rights and interests of his native State. In this connexion, he adverted to the heavy debt of gratitude which had been imposed upon him by the generous support which he had received from his adopted State, Ohio, the young giant, Indiana, and noble Kentucky, which had honored him with citizenship, although he had never lived within her borders. But all did not efface from his mind what was due to his venerated mother.

He alluded to the report of Mr. Granger being an Abolitionist. He said he had never been so foolish as to ask him whether he was an abolitionist or no—knowing, as he did, his public life and history. But Mr. Granger had come to him the day before he left Washington, and told him that an article in a Richmond paper, which admitted the possibility of his being an Abolitionist, had just fallen under his eye. He (Mr. G.) desired him (Gen. H.) when he got to Richmond to say to the Editors of that paper, that he was not only no Abolitionist, but he should expect Gen. H.

to evict him from office should he ever become one.

When the General concluded; he was urged to "go on"—but he begged to be excused, believing he could better promote the wishes of his friends by "going on," this day two weeks, with the principles he avowed.

The address throughout commanded profound silence and has elicited commendations both for its substance and taste, from all who heard it.

YUCATAN.—This splendid Peninsula has but recently thrown off the yoke of despotism and misrule of the Mexican government, and intends shortly to promulgate to the world her intention of making a formal declaration of Independence, and to become incorporated into the family of nations.

Yucatan has already a population of about 800,000. Her inhabitants differ entirely from those of Mexico, being quiet, peaceable, hard working and industrious people. Those who follow the fisheries, make first rate seamen.—They have built some vessels, which in point of workmanship and model, will vie with any ever built in Baltimore; their material of wood for ship-building is as good as any known.—Several descriptions are quite equal to the teak for durability. In fact, vessels have been built in Yucatan that have lasted 60 odd years.

As soon as a formal declaration of Independence is made, a succinct description of that interesting country will be made, to invite the industry and capital of the American people, and the rights and the privileges given to emigrants, will be equally secured, as they are in this country.

In the project of the present model for establishing a Government, the first thing is to have a free toleration of Religion; that every man may worship his maker according to the dictates of his conscience.—N. O. Bulletin.

From the Madisonian.

TAKING CARE OF THEIR FRIENDS.—In addition to the numerous appointments to office by Mr. Van Buren, in anticipation of the expiration of terms, and making the new terms of service extend even through that of General Harrison's, the loco-focos are endeavoring to fasten their printers upon the next Congress, and certain contracts are closed for work on the public buildings which cannot be begun until one and two years after Mr. Van Buren has retired! We presume General Harrison will appoint such agents of the government as he may select, and will regard it as a matter of course for them to attempt to appoint him. The heads of departments and bureaux, appointed by General Harrison will doubtless appoint all these contractors for the execution of which General Harrison's administration will be responsible.—And as for the new Congress, it will as a matter of course and of right, elect all its own officers, and make its own laws.

We have seldom read of so shocking an affair as that described in the annexed extract from the Terre Haute (Indiana) Courier of the 13th ult.:

About 1 o'clock, at night, the house of Mr. Welch, four miles west of Paris, Ill., was attacked by a party of five persons, with their faces blacked and otherwise disguised to avoid detection. Mr. Welch received the contents of a rifle (supposed to have been fired through the window) whilst lying in bed; and, when the door was broken open, the defence of the family entirely devolved upon his wife and his son, (a lad of 16,) the balance of his household consisting of children under 8 years of age. As soon as the party obtained entrance, a person, who proved to be Geo. Redman, a near neighbor, rushed upon the elder Mr. Welch with a butcher knife: but, before he accomplished his diabolical purpose, young Welch knocked him down with a stick of wood, and followed up his blows until he broke the assassin's skull in several places. Redman lingered until Sunday evening, when he died of his wounds. Whilst the boy was thus successfully defending the life of his father, Greenup James, one of Redman's accomplices, attacked Mrs. Welch, first by firing at her in bed, and, subsequently, with a large hickory club, prepared for the purpose. Mrs. Welch, with more than Spartan bravery, seized the tongs, knocked down her assailant, and, finally, succeeded in disabling him so as to prevent his flight, and render his efforts at mischief impotent and harmless.

During the progress of the affray, three of the party (two of whom are supposed to be the son of Redman) fled; and young Welch (leaving his mother to take care of G. James, and prevent his flight) went to Paris, and procured medical aid for his father, who was nearly exhausted from the loss of blood caused by his wounds. Mrs. Welch, in the mean time, attended well to the safety of her charge, paralyzing his efforts at flight by applications of her trusty weapon.

Though badly wounded, it is believed the elder Welch will recover, as the ball has been carefully extracted. Mrs. Welch and her son (through a singular interposition of Providence,) are entirely free from injury. A young son (a boy of 7 or 8) was wounded in the head during the affray, by one of the assassins, although not dangerously. This shocking attempt to murder a whole family, originated, it is supposed, in a misunderstanding, or family quarrel, of some months, standing.

G. James is secured in the Paris jail; and the officers of justice are in pursuit of the other

accomplices of Redman; but, at the last accounts, nothing had been heard of them.

THE MISSISSIPPI SLAVE CASE.

The correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer thus states the position of Messrs. Clay and Webster, in their speeches before the Supreme Court

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1841.

The case brought up from the state of Mississippi, involving the validity of all slaves, carried into that State since the adoption of the Constitution in 1832, is now under discussion in the Supreme Court. Mr. Jones of this city, finished his argument this morning when the Hon. Henry Clay commenced his remarks and engaged the attention of the Court, at a large and intelligent assembly of persons, who had been drawn into the court room, under the expectation of hearing him. He spoke for three hours, upon the points of law involved, and in truth demonstrated the correctness of the principles he advanced.—He set out, after an exordium on the immense importance of the case—the millions involved with the principles that the clause of the Constitution of the State of Mississippi, declaring "that the introduction of slaves as merchandise into that State shall be prohibited after May, 1833," was exclusively a mandate upon the State Legislature, to enact laws making it illegal to introduce them—having no obligatory operation upon the people of the State or others, until the Legislature had discharged its duty under this provision of the Constitution, by declaring by statute the introduction illegal, as it intended should be done. If this principle was established in the mind of Court, as I have very little doubt, without going any farther into an investigation of the other points he made, the decision of the Court will be reversed, the Legislature not having discharged its duty, and the contracts made for the purchase of slaves since that period, will be made valid and good. How otherwise should they be?—They have the slaves of the people of Virginia, Maryland Kentucky, and still hold them as property, deriving all the benefits of their labor, and yet endeavoring to avail themselves of a provision in their constitution, which they themselves had disregarded, by their own acts, and the acts of their legislature, and avoid the payment of their just debts. Upon the subject, Mr. Clay evinced the nobleness of his soul—the high and manly tone of honor, justice and fidelity, he portrayed, and said should characterize States as well as individuals, to every unbiased mind, carried deep conviction, that he stands pre-eminent as an American Patriot in thought, word and deed.

A LUCKY LOSS.

Graft Schlaberndorf was a most singular person, a sort of a strange German Coleridge, more, however of a philosopher and a politician than poet, living like a hermit in the bustling history of Revolutionary Paris: misery in small things, the lord of a small garret, slovenly in his attire, and cherishing a beard—and generous, even magnificent, on a large scale, and actuated in all things by motives of the purest patriotism and the most disinterested benevolence, a character ready made for Sir Walter Scott. This man as a foreigner and a German aristocrat, and also as the esteemed friend of Condorcet, Mercier, Brissot, and the unfortunate Girondins party, naturally enough during the reign of terror, was more than "suspected of being suspected," and sat for many days in the Conciergerie, and then in the Luxembourg, in constant expectation of the guillotine. He escaped, however, after all, strangely enough, saving his own life by losing his boots! Varnhagen Von Ense relates the circumstance as follows.—

"One morning the death cart came for its usual number of daily victims; and Schlaberndorf's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humor, prepared for departure; presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism of mere indifference, were common in these terrible times. And Schlaberndorf was not the man to make ungraceful departure, when the unavoidable must of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed, only his boots were missing, he sought and sought and sought, and the goaler sought with him in this corner and in that; but they were not to be found. "Well" said Schlaberndorf sharply, 'to be guillotined without my boots will never do. Hark ye, my good friend,' continued he, with simple good humor to the goaler 'take me tomorrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday.'

The goaler agreed. The wagon full enough without that one head, went on to its destination, Schlaberndorf remained in prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, boots and all, waiting for the word of command. But behold! his name was not heard that day; nor the third day, nor the fourth; and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter.—It was naturally supposed that he had fallen with the rest of the victims named for the original day, in the multitude of sufferers no one could curiously enquire for an individual; for the days that, followed, there were enough of victims without him, and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when with so many others, he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution partly to the kindness of the goaler, partly, mainly to his good temper. He was a univer-

sal favorite in the goal.—Foreign Quarterly Review for January.

THE HOME OF THE POOR.—There is much truth, as well as deep feeling in the following paragraph; which we extract from Dickens' latest production:

"Oh if those who rule the destiny of nations would but remember this—if they would think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring; when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost or never found—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by ways, where only poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now peels proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime, and horrible disease to mock them with its contrary. In hollow voices from work houses hospitals and jails, this truth is preached, from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar, no mere question of the people's health and comfort which may be whistled down on Wednesday night. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are truer patriots, or the best in time of need—those who venerate the land; owning its wood and stream and earth, and all that they produce, or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?"

A man by the name of Jean Baptiste Desmarests has been recently executed in France, for assassination and theft. The following very extraordinary circumstances led to his condemnation. A report was spread about the country, the origin of which was traced that the victim had bitten the assassins. This report served as an indication to the Magistrates who caused all the persons suspected, to be arrested and examined, to ascertain if there were no traces of bites to be found on them.

Desmarests, who until that time had not been suspected, was subjected to a visit, and it was discovered that his arm showed contusions which were pronounced by the physician, called to the examination, the result of a bite. The body of the victim was then disinterred, the head was taken off, and the teeth applied to the arm of Desmarests, and those who made the application affirmed that the teeth perfectly fitted the holes of the wound. This terrible trial was renewed before a jury, without producing much effect, because the scar of the wounds had almost disappeared. The scientific men who made the first application of the teeth, persisted in the opinion which they had then given, and this circumstance was mainly instrumental in causing the condemnation of Desmarests to capital punishment. Desmarests never publicly avowed his crime, but he abstained from protesting his innocence in the manner he had first done.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The only extract from an English paper, bearing upon our North-Eastern Boundary Question, which we have been able to find, is the following from the London Spectator:

"The most interesting passage in the President's message relates to the disputed boundaries; it informs us, from the other side of the Atlantic, what our Government is doing. It seems that the mode of settling the matter is still under discussion in Downing st. The President, judging from the desire evinced by both Governments to bring the dispute respecting the North-East boundary to a settlement, and from the nature of the points still under discussion, anticipates a speedy conclusion. Mr. Van Buren is not much versed in "open questions," and their value—or at least not so well as those in Downing street.

The American Government have also made a proposition for referring the Lake of the Woods boundary to arbitration, before it becomes quite so urgent and complicated a question as the Maine boundary. The proposition is also under consideration in England.

Rumors had reached the United States of the arrival of British troops within the disputed territory. They were sent, according to the report, by Lord Sydenham, without knowledge of Sir John Harvey; and it is said that they were only passing through, on their way to New-Brunswick. If there is any foundation for the story, it certainly seems indiscreet to have thus risked collisions and further complications of so embarrassing a question.

"What are you hollering for when I am riding by?" said a nabob to a saucy urchin in the street. "Humph, what are you riding by for when I am hollering?"

MARRIAGE OF ELLEN TREE.—Ellen Tree is Ellen Tree no more, having recently married Charles Kean, the actor. The ceremony was performed at Manchester England.—Pic

Ballooning on an Extended Scale.—Mr. Green, the celebrated British aeronaut, perseveres in his design of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon. He requires a subscription of three thousand pounds to enable him to make the grand experiment, and asserts confidently his ability to direct the course of the balloon. His plan contemplates a balloon ninety feet in height and fifty in circumference, with a paddle and rudder apparatus. He insists that he can in this machine, keep his course westward, and cross the Atlantic in, at most, six days.—Pic